"The Struggle Everlasting" & 5 Is a Hard Tussie With Symbolism.

DODY, if not Mind, was utterly worn out by "The Struggle Everlasting," which took place before amused and bewildered spectators at the Huckett Theatre last night. In the end Body took polson and went to the Beyond filled with renunciation and something from a small bottle. If there had been enough poison to go round, we all might have taken a drop, and so ended a

No wonder words falled the author, Mr. Edwin Milton Royle, when he braced himself between two chairs and tried to tell how he felt! One shrinks from tackling "The Struggle Everlasting" with mere words. This "modern morality play" seems like "Everyman" taking you by the hand and leading you from the shadow of death to the glare of the Tenderloin. And the worst of it is that you can't keep your face straight while the gentle author is leading you to "the light." Mr. Royle's desperate attempt to bring symbolism up to date, or within the reach of all, causes you to pause en route and inquire with The Gibson Girl,

"What is the matter with Mr. Ibsen" Compared with what last night's audience saw and tried to understand at the Hackett, "The Master Builder" is as clear as a glass house.

Body, of course, was supposed to be very, very bad. Miss Florence Roberts, who was Body in generous quantity and various costumes, was only half bad. She changed her costumes, with more success than she changed ber acting became monotonous as she moved slowly and theatrically to the manufactured emotion of the final

Body first came out "In the Wilderness"-came right out of the heart of nature, and lured a college youth away from home and Mother. To make it a sure thing, Body killed Mother. There was a certain allurement about Body. but you couldn't help feeling that if the college youth had had as much Mind as the programme gave him credit for, he would have stuck to Mother and ordered Hody back to the woods. The practical side of the author carne

out in the first act, where Body was turned into a buxom servant girl who seemed to be part of the curriculum of Mind-for this was "In the University, you see, and the jolly students were having a high old time singing. "Give Us a Drink, Bartender," and giving their dearly beloved yell. Body was no more of a surprise to them than she was to the audience when she was carried

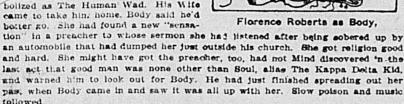
in and unwrapped. Mind was inclined to be peevish about it, and it was quite clear that he wished to avoid the servant girl question, until The Musician (first fiddle of a comic opera troups) took a good look at Body and exciaimed: "Divinity, you belong to Art!" That was the beginning of Body's finish. She had learned to FEEL. But in spite of that she didn't join the troups. No, she ran

away with Mind! The college festivities wound up with the finding of a Soul that was promptly modernized into The Kappa Delta Kid You see, the Soul was a baby. You are obliged to see a great many things in this mysterious

Arthur Byron as Mind, Florence

Roberts as Body, De Witt Jennings

Act II. was "In the World"-a rather fast world, judging by appearances. Body was smoking cigarettes and wearing a sinful gown. Mind had grown gray, but Body was blooming. One by one her midnight guests arrived and joined the Down and Out Club. One of them was a pugilist who brokenly announced that he had just been knocked out by a second-rater. Body gave him a blow over the heart that him out of the house. been looking for new sensations, according to Mind and here you had a few samples. The Actor arrived with only part of his mind, and he promptly lost the rest of it trying to remember Hamlet's sollloquy. "Take him away!" cried Body, and the ambulance came. The Musician was drauged in from the street, only to take one look at Body. and then smash his bow and cut the atrings of his fiddle. He was a poor player, anyhow. The Banker was last, but not least. He might have been symbolized as The Human Wad. His Wife came to take him home. Body said he'd

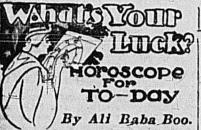


for Mr. De Witi Jennings, as the pastor, to give the play its only moments of

But even a preacher coffic t save "The Struggle Everlasting." Its modern morality is past redemption. It is sentimental morality gone wrong

Health and Beauty. By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Peroxide Again.



Friday, Sept. 27, 1907.

day, especially retail shops. handy, ye see," he added, with the Undertake new things. Look for humor that belongs to the stage driver

HENEW PLAXI Back to Town



By F. G. Long





SUPPOSE Mrs. Stryver thinks she is hurting my feelings!" "It's either that, or else she's afraid of me because I knew who she was and I knew who her people were. Her mother kept a boarding-house. Of course, that's no disgrace; but still if people put on airs and think they are in society, they don't like to be twitted about such things! In society, indeed! That sort of society she is in anybody can get in who will buy tickets to those tacky. semi-public functions at the Waldorf!"

'What's the matter now?' asked Mr. Jarr.

"Mrs. Stryver is giving her first party of the season to-night, and she never sent us an invitation!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "She's used me and now she thinks she doesn't need me any more. She was glad enough to have me introduce her to my friends, but since she's gotten in will the Jenkinses she imagines she's really in society and thinks she'll out old friends! The only thing that makes me mad is to think she got the advantage of me, for she must have heard I was going to drop her.

"I told Mrs. Rangle that I simply couldn't stand for the way she truckled and toadled to people she thought a little better than herself. I told Mrs. Kittingly so, too. I wender which one of them told her? One cannot trust any one these days. Maybe she gave this party just to do it. Oh, well, I don't care. It's ridiculous!" Here Mrs. Jarr tapped her foot nerviously on the floor. "It's just ridiculous!"

"Why?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, don't say it was any mistake or that the cards might have been mislaid in the mails. I always said that woman was a cat and a valgariant I wouldn't have gone to her old party anyway. And I can say that she knew I intended to cease calling on her. Mrs. Rangle and Miss Kittingly can bear me out in that. She need not have been afraid. I wouldn't have gone. The kind of people one meets at her house are no credit to one. I wonder if she'll serve prunes. She should, as a reminder of old times when her mother kept a boardinghouse, and a cheap boardinghouse at that, and Minnie Jerrigan, for that was her name before she married Tom Stryver, who made his money cheating people in the coal business—as I was going to say, many's the time I've seen her with a duster around her head making beds and doing the upstairs work. I know her. I know all about her.'

"I was going to say," said Mr. Jarr very calmly, "that I got that invitation and took it down torm with me two weeks ago by mistake with some other mail. I forgot all about it."

"I suppose you want to go, when you know I don't care for the person at "Me!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "Not much! I want to go out and bowl with

the boys to-night now the weather As cool. You couldn't get me to any of those chesp society stunts if there is any chance to escape." "Oh, don't mind me," said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "I never get anywhere. Of course, as I said, I do not want to go. But, just for curiosity, I'd like to see if the Jenkinses will be there. I'd just be glad to go and see how Mrs. Stryver will look when the Jenkinses do not show up. For of course THEY won't be

"Well, get out my things," said Mr. Jarr resignedly. "What would you wear if you were me?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I haven't any-

thing to wear, you know!" "Oh, I guess you'll find something," said Mr. Jarr soothingly. And so she did. Arriving at the Stryver house, Mrs. Jarr clutched Mr. Jarr's arm, "Look at the floral decorations-I wonder if they're paid for or if they will be paid for? She must expect the Jenkinses," said she. "I don't see anything of the Rangles. But, then, of course, in the position Mrs. Stryver occupies she comun't ask the Rangles. Mrs. Rangle is simply impossible, and Rangle looks

like a thug in evening dress!" "I'd sconer go to Rangle's and play pinochle than to be thrown in with this bunch of skates!" said Mr. Jarr gloomily.

"Oh, I dare say!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Your tastes were always common. But for goodness sake behave yourself for this evening anyway!"

"I'm going over and hit the punch a few fell blows, anyway!" said Mr. Jare. "Oh, don't touch it!" said Mrs. Jarr in a sharp aside, "Her punch always makes people sick. Did you ever see such a stupid crowd? Look how haggard Mrs. Stryver is! The Jenkinses certainly have cut her. They're not here yet?" and Mrs. Jarr tittered.

But when it was time to go she went over and congratulated the hostess on





EARLY

RISING AGAIN.

A Princess in Slavery



By F. Marion Crawford,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," Etc.

HE FORGOT THE

superseded and imprisoned by his own son. Andronicus. Zeno joins a conspiracy to free Johannes and rectors him to the throne, but the piot temporarily falls and Zeno is imprisoned by his chagrined fellow-conspirators. Zee plans the recue of Emperor Johannes in order to save Cario. Her efforts fall and she falls into the hands of Andronicus. The latter puts her to torture, but a tumult checks the punishment. Johannes has escaped (through the efforts of Zeno, who has freed himself) and captures the palace. Andronicus is overthrown and made prisoner. Carlo, rescues Zee, then makes arrangements for carrying her away from Constantinople.

of business, and sould be trusted; and when Zeno had shown him the

deed which gave Tenedos to the Serene Republic he did not hesitate, but prom-

ised to help Carlo to take possession

ore Johannes could change his mind.

So that matter was settled, and Zeno departed, saying that he would send his

afraid of being scolded for talking too

much. He had passed through the

most awful ordeal of his peaceful life

very bravely, he believed; and if Zeno

had called him a cackling hen that

morning the shock might have unsettled

his brain, and would certainly have

But Zeno had been informed by Vite

"You did very well," said the master.

worst might have been, he being of a continued-1 up to 13.

baggage on board during the day. When he came home he found the sec retary waiting with his tale of woe. Omobono looked and felt like an elderly sick lamb, very sorry for himself and terribly anxious not to be blamed for what had happened, while equally

Copyright, 1900, by Phillips Publishing erated as martyrs, but those who suffered and lived were afterward revered as confessors. That is your position."

dog is better than a dead lion. I dicate the upper story of the housemean a watch-dog, of course Omo- "about the lady?" he added, finishing bono," he added rather hastily, "a his question at last, faithful watch-dog."

About the Lady.

Zoe, a beautitui princesa living in Coustantinople in 1876, changes her name to
Arsthusa and sells herself into slavery to
save from poverty the family of her benefactor. She is bought by Carlo Zeno, a dashing soldler of fortune. She and Zeno fail
in love with each other. The former-Emperor, Johannes, has been deposed,
superseded and imprisoned by his own son.

"And the confessor, sir, has the adwith more of the same kind.
Not in the least; but he was pleased,
and when he was told that he was to
pack als belongings and make ready to
leave Constantinople for a trip to Venglowed at the praise.

"And the confessor, sir, has the adand when he was told that he was to Andronique'. leave Constantinople for a trip to Ven- lieving him; for it was a great name. ice his delight actually brought a little and is still.

Omobono's appearance that morning Before she sold herself to save her did not suggest the guardian of the people from starvation she was called flock, the shepherd's shaggy friend. Zoe Rhangabe, the daughter of the

Zoe Revealed.

"Yes, sir. But that was not her name, either, for he and his wife had adopted her because they had no children, but afterward two boys were

dren, but afterward two boys were born to hhem."—
"Confound their boys!" interrupted Zeno. "Who is she?"
"Her seal name is Bianca Giustiniani. she is a Venetian by birth, and her father and mother died of the plague here soon after she was born. You see, sir, under the circumstances, and although the lady called herself a slave, such a commission as Messer Marco Pesaro's"—

"Married, sir?" The little secretary was aghast.

"Send Vito for the priest!"
And before Omobono could say more Zeno had left the room.
He found Zoe standing by the open window, and the morning sun was sill streaming in. Her fair was not taken up yet, but lay like silk all over her shoulders, still damp from the bath. She was a little pale, as a flower that has blossomed in a dark room, and the reigh white silk of the robe she drew closely round her showed by contrast the delicate tint and texture of her skin, and the sweet freshness of the tender and spiritual mouth.
He took her hand and looked at her earnestly before he spoks. Only a night, a day and a night had passed since he had understood what had hidden likelf in his heart for weeks. That same truth had stolen into hers, too, but she had known what it meant.

Her Secret.

Her Secret.

"You kept your secret well," he said She shook her head, thinking he spoke the material, while

She shook her head, thinking he spoke of her love.

"You knew it long ago," she answered. "And what you did not know, you guessed You kept yours better far."

"I kept that one from myself, as best I could," said he, understanding what she meant. "I could not keep it for ever! But since we know that we love, our life begins here, and together. Together, because you saved mine—I know everything, for they have told me; and so my life is yours, and yours is mine, because we were born to mate, as falcons mete—with falcons, doves with doves, and songbirds with songbirds. Will you come with me?"

She smiled and laid her hand in his, "Am I not your bought slave?" she

venient.

serted. The sleeves

noble alliance for the great Doge's house, sir!"

"Oh! You talk of Doges? Then I wil! put it in another way, as' the priest wil! say it presently, for I think he is wait ing downstairs by this time, and Omobono is teaching him his lesson."

"How shall you put it?"

"Bianca Giustiniani, wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?"

She was taken by surprise, and for a moment the words would not come.

"Wilt thou take this man?" he asked again, but more softly now, and neares to her lips, though he did not see them.

with some diffidence.

"Precisely." Zeno assented. "A live dog is better than a dead lion. I mean a watch-dog, of course Omobono," he added rather hastlly, "a labout the lady?" he added, finishing his question at last.

"She goes with us," answered Zeno fid he house briefly.

"The lady is not called Arethusa, sir. Before she sold herself to save her dock, the shepherd's shaggy friend. Not in the least; but he was pleased and when he was told that he was to pack ais belongings and make ready to eave Constantinople for a trip to Vence on the delight actually brought a little palor into his gray sheeks.

We must obey."

The lady is not called Arethusa, sir. Before she sold herself to save her combination of the least; but he was pleased. Not in the least; but he was pleased. The lady is not called Arethusa, sir. Send of the people from starvation she was called Zeno, not be save Constantinople for a trip to Vence on the sit like the great name, and is still.

The lady is not called Arethusa, sir. Send from her was called Zeno from starvation she was called Zeno

"THE ROUNDUP;" a splendid romance of love, adventure mystery and Indian warfare will begin in to-morrow's Evening World.

CHAPTER XXI. May Manton's Daily Fashions. "Omobono," said Zeno, interrupting him again, "get a priest here at once. i am going to be married." "Mairied, sir?" The little secretary (Continued.) Now Sebastian Corner was a brave captain. The Isles of Adventure.

tank jones is not only a smart "kid" at figures, but is a galiant boy as

well. In his new counting-out game he has arranged the boys and girls

in such a manner that in counting round and round the girls shall all be

Frank's puzzle consists in finding the boy or girl with whom he must have

started the count, in order to count out all the girls and leave the boys. For

thus improperly nourished, making your

M. RS. M.—It does indeed, take a You should practise physical culture good while for peroxide to wear exercises and deep breathing and you off the hair, and the longer your should without fall massage your scalp hair, of course, the longer it takes to until it becomes loose and flexible and set rid of the peroxide ravages. The only way to restore it to its natural color is to have it dyed during the interim whille the peroxide is wearing off. You'r grandmother's remedy is a wery good one, and, if it agrees with your scalp, why not use it?

Thin, Oily Hair.

STELLE R.—You are probably suffering from a poor circulation. The natural oils are not distributed evenly and the roots of the hair are

No Mail for Him.

of the events that had disturbed his counted out and the boys "get left."

Leaders swent round the turn household, and knew that Omobono had Frank has selected thirteen as a counting-out number. Counting round and into a lightly timbered stretch of level road in the Australian "bush," "you may not believe it, but those kangaroos are as clever as peo Then, in response to the inquiry of a passenger he proceeded to tell

"Now, there's Moloney," he continued, "who owns the section on the other side of the creek. He trained one of thein to meet the coach every week and get the letters for him.

"The kangaroo's pouch comes in real Parental Objections. handy, ye see," he added, with the

broken his heart.

timed temperament.

day, especially retail shops.

In large the positions of in employment and belief positions if in employment and belief positions if in employment and belief positions if in employment and belongs to the stage driver. Bosh for manual labor in the sort country orad, a fine kangaroo, dispression or seek advice from them. There by the day of severtees, it has been waiting for health for money will increase. The years and relatives in yout or marry.

Thouse whose birthdate this is will have a successful year in business and their money will increase. The years in control or marry.

The driver glanced at him and shock his head. The development of the box were the had the opportunity of telling her that you to a fine the positions of the coach.

The driver glanced at him and shock his head. The parameter of the param

TY-VINCENTS-ADVICE LOVERS

done his best, considering what his round to the right, the thirteenth boy or girl steps out and the counting is

"In ancient days, Omchono, those who instance, had be commenced counting from himself, May would have been the died for their faith were indeed ven- first out, then Harry, Bessle, and so on.

you think I should take my parents' if they are sensible pers



are made in two pieces each and are laid in plaits at the shoulders. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 27, 21-4 ards 44, or 21-4 yards 52 inches wide with 1-2 yard of velvet for collar and

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